

That Pandarus, that ever dide his might
Right for the fyn that I shal speke of here,
As for to bringe to his hous som night
His faire nece, and Troilus yfere,
Wheras at leysur al this heigh matere,
Touching hir love, were at the fulle upbounde,
Hadde out of doute a tyme to it founde.

for he with greet deliberacioun
Hadde every thing that herto mighte avayle
forncast, and put in execucioun,
And neither laft for cost ne for travayle;
Come if hem lest, hem sholde nothing fayle;
And for to been in ought espyed there,
That, wiste he wel, an impossible were.

And dredeles, it cleer was in the wind
Of every pye and every lette game;
Now al is wel, for al the world is blind
In this matere, bothe freme and tame.
This timber is al redy up to frame;
As lakketh nought but that we witen wolde
A certein houre, in whiche she comen sholde.

And Troilus, that al this purveyaunce
Knew at the fulle, and waytede on it ay,
Hadde hereupon eek maad gret ordenaunce,
And founde his cause, and therto his aray,
If that he were missed, night or day,
Therwhy he was aboute this servyse,
That he was goon to doon his sacrificyse,

And moste at swich a temple alone wake,
Answered of Appollo for to be;
And first, to seen the holy laurer quake,
Er that Appollo spak out of the tree,
To telle him next whan Grekes sholden flee,
And forthy lette him no man, God forbede,
But preyre Appollo helpen in this nede.

Now is ther litel more for to done,
But Pandare up, and shortly for to seyne,
Right sone upon the chaunging of the mone,
Whan lightles is the world a night or tweyne,
And that the welken shoop him for to reyne,
He streight amorwe unto his nece wente;
Ye han wel herd the fyn of his entente.

Whan he was come, he gan anon to pleye
As he was wont, and of himself to jape;
And fynally, he swor and gan hir seye,
By this and that, she sholde him not escape,
Ne lenger doon him after hir to gape;
But certeynly she moste, by hir leve,
Come soupen in his hous with him at eve.

At whiche she lough, and gan hir faste excuse,
And seyde: It rayneth; lo, how sholde I goon?
Lat be, quod he, ne stond not thus to muse;
This moot be doon, ye shal be ther anon.
So at the laste herof they felle at oon,
Or elles, softe he swor hir in hir ere,
He nolde never come ther she were.

Sone after this, to him she gan to rowne,
And asked him if Troilus were there?
He swor hir: Nay, for he was out of towne,
And seyde: Nece, I pose that he were,
Yow thurfte never have the more fere,
For rather than men mighte him ther aspye,
Me were lever a thousand-fold to dye.

Nought list myn auctor fully to declare
That that she thoughte whan he seyde so,
That Troilus was out of town yfare,
As if he seyde therof sooth or no;
But that, withoute awayt, with him to go,
She graunted him, sith he hir that bisoughte,
And, as his nece, obeyed as hir oughte.

But natheles, yet gan she him biseche,
Although with him to goon it was no fere,
For to be war of goosish peples speche,
That dremen thinges whiche that never were,
And wel avyse him whom he broughte there;
And seyde him: Eem, sin I mot on yow triste,
Loke al be wel, and do now as yow liste.

He swor hir: Yis, by stokkes and by stones,
And by the goddes that in hevne dwelle,
Or elles were him lever, soule and bones,
With Pluto king as depe been in helle
As Tantalus! What sholde I more telle?
Whan al was wel, he roos and took his leve,
And she to souper com, whan it was eve.

With a certayn of hir owene men,
And with hir faire nece Antigone,
And othere of hir wommen nyne or ten;
But who was glad now, who, as trowe ye,
But Troilus, that stood and mighte it see
Thurghout a litel windowe in a stewe,
Ther he bishet, sin midnight, was in mewe,

Anwist of every wight but of Pandare?
But to the poynt; now whan she was ycome
With alle joye, and alle frendes fare,
Hir eem anon in armes hath hir nome,
And after to the souper, alle and some,
Whan tyme was, ful softe they hem sette;
God wot, ther was no deyntee for to fette.

And after souper gonne they to ryse,
At ese wel, with hertes fresshe and glade,
And wel was him that coude best devyse
To lyken hir, or that hir laughen made.
He song; she pleyde; he tolde tale of Mide.
But at the laste, as every thing hath ende,
She took hir leve, and nedes wolde wende.

But O, fortune, executrice of wierdes,
O influences of this hevnes hye!
Soth is, that, under God, ye ben our hierdes,
Though to us bestes been the causes wrye.
This mene I now, for she gan hoomward hye,
But execut was al bisyde hir leve,
At the goddes wil; for which she moste bleve.

The bente mone with hir hornes pale,
Saturne, and Jove, in Cancro joynd were,
That swich a rayn from hevne gan avale,
That every maner womman that was there
Hadde of that smoky reyn a verray fere;
At which Pandare tho lough, and seyde thenne:
Now were it tyme a lady to go henne!

But goode nece, if I mighte ever plesse
Yow anything, than prey I yow, quod he,
To doon myn herte as now so greet an ese
As for to dwelle here al this night with me,
Forwhy this is your owene hous, pardee.
For, by my trouthe, I sey it nought agame,
To wende as now, it were to me a shame.

Criseyde, whiche that coude as muche good
As half a world, tok hede of his preyere;
And sin it ron, and al was on a flood,
She thoughte, as good chep may I dwellen here,
And graunte it gladly with a frendes chere,
And have a thank, as grucche and thanne abyde;
For hoom to goon it may nought wel bityde.

I wol, quod she, myn uncle leef and dere,
Sin that yow list, it skile is to be so;
I am right glad with yow to dwellen here;
I seyde but agame, I wolde go.
Ywis, graunt mercy, nece! quod he tho;
Were it a game or no, soth for to telle,
Now am I glad, sin that yow list to dwelle.

Thus al is wel; but tho bigan a right
The newe joye, and al the feste agayn;
But Pandarus, if goodly hadde he might,
He wolde han hyed hir to bedde fayn,
And seyde: Lord, this is an huge rayn!
This were a wedder for to slepen inne;
And that I rede us sone to biginne.

And nece, woot ye wher I wol yow leye,
for that we shul not ligen fer asonder,
And for ye neither shullen, dar I seye,
heren noise of reynes nor of thonder?
By God, right in my lyte closet yonder.
And I wol in that outer hous allone
Be wardyn of your wommen everichone.

And in this middel chaumbre that ye see
Shul youre wommen slepen wel and softe;
And ther I seyde shal yourselfe be;
And if ye ligen wel tonight, com ofte,
And careth not what wedder is on lofte.
The wyn anon, and whan so that yow leste,
So go we slepe, I trowe it be the beste.

Ther nis no more, but hereafter sone,
The voyde dronke, and travers drawe anon,
Can every wight, that hadde nought to done
More in that place, out of the chaumbre gon.
And evermo so sternelich it ron,
And blew therwith so wonderliche loude,
That wel neigh no man heren other coude.

Tho Pandarus, hir eem, right as him oughte,
With women swiche as were hir most aboute,
ful glad unto hir beddes syde hir broughte,
And toke his leve, and gan ful lowe loute,
And seyde: Here at this closet-dore withoute,
Right over thwart, your wommen ligen alle,
That, whom yow liste of hem, ye may here calle.

So whan that she was in the closet leyde,
And alle hir wommen forth by ordenaunce
Abedde weren, ther as I have seyde,
There was no more to skippen nor to traunce,
But bode go to bedde, with mischaunce,
If any wight was steringe anywhere,
And late hem slepe that abedde were.

But Pandarus, that wel coude eche a del
The olde daunce, and every poynt therinne,
Whan that he sey that alle thing was wel,
He thoughte he wolde upon his werk biginne,
And ganne the stewe-dore al softe unpinne,
And stille as stoon, withouten lenger lette,
By Troilus adoun right he him sette.

And, shortly to the poynt right for to gon,
Of al this werk he tolde him word and ende,
And seyde: Make thee redy right anon,
for thou shalt into hevne blisse wende.
Now blisful Venus, thou me grace sende,
Quod Troilus, for never yet no nede
Hadde I er now, ne halvendel the drede.

Quod Pandarus: Ne drede thee never a del,
for it shal been right as thou wilt desyre;
So thryve I, this night shal I make it wel,
Or casten al the gruwel in the fyre.
Yit blisful Venus, this night thou me enspyre,
Quod Troilus, as wis as I thee serve,
And ever bet and bet shal, til I sterve.

And if I hadde, O Venus ful of mirthe,
Aspectes badde of Mars or of Saturne,
Or thou combust or let were in my birthe,
Thy fader prey al thilke harm disturne
Of grace, and that I glad ayein may turne,
for love of him thou lovedest in the shawe,
I mene Adoon, that with the boor was slawe.

O Jove eek, for the love of faire Europe,
The whiche in forme of bole away thou fette;
Now help, O Mars, thou with thy bloody cope,
for love of Cipris, thou me nought ne lette;
O Phebus, thenk whan Dane hirselves shette
Under the bark, and laurer wex for drede,
Yet for hir love, O help now at this nede!

Mercurie, for the love of Hiersē eke,
for which Pallas was with Aglauros wrooth,
Now help, and eek Diane, I thee biseke,
That this viage be not to thee looth.
O fatal sustren, which, er any clooth
Me shapen was, my destenē me sponne,
So helpeth to this werk that is bigonne!